Graduation Number

Class of 1934

OFFICERS

President	Henry Vincent Couper
Secretary	Marjorie Elizabeth Bradlee
Treasurer	John Harold Knox

CLASS ROLL

Miriam Barker
John Harold Knox
Francena Mae Hunt
Josephine Hutchinson
James Hamilton Clegg
Henry Vincent Couper
Francis William Alling
Margaret Kathleen McGovern
Marjorie Elizabeth Bradlee
Christopher Charles Landry
George Gordon Armstrong, Jr.

Motto----------Capite Nobilia
Flower----------Talisman Rose
Class Colors----------Orchid and White

LITTLETON HIGH SCHOOL

LITTLETON, MASSACHUSETTS

HHR
974.44
Lit

Class Poem

Class of nineteen hundred thirty-four,
Now as we leave old L.H.S.,
A place of joys and cares no more,
Let each one work for her success.

As Freshmen we entered here
With achievement as our creed,
Shunning all care and fear,
Ever willing to succeed.

As Sophomores we found we had gained a step,
In our stairway to our reward,
There our burden grew heavier, but we crept
Slowly, carefully, and upward.

As Juniors we laid aside gayety and fun,
To pave a way
For work more carefully done
To help us on our way.

Now as Seniors true,
With "Achieve the honorable" our motto,
We leave the rest to you,
Oh, Seniors of tomorrow!

And now our high school days are done,
Life's labors close at hand.
The work so nobly but begun--
A scepter in our hand!

Margaret McGovern '34

History

Freshman Class

In 1930 a freshman class of excited boys and girls entered high school. Its members were: Marjorie Bradlee, Francena Hunt, Greta Webster, Vincent Couper, Harold Knox, Francis Alling, George Armstrong, Wilbur Brown, Joseph Sullivan, and Josephine Hutchinson.

The faculty that year consisted of: Principal, Mr. Skillings; French and English teacher, Miss Paine; English 3, History and Latin teacher, Miss Hatch; and Commercial teacher, Miss Connors. The class was represented in sports by: Marjorie Bradlee, in tennis and basketball; Vincent Couper, tennis, basketball and baseball; George Armstrong, manager of baseball team; Francis Alling, tennis; and Wilbur Brown, baseball.

Marjorie Bradlee was the news editor for the school paper, "High Life," that year.

A new member, Katherine O'Neil, came into the class before the end of the year. She came from Hartford, Connecticut.

The first year of our High School career was spent in adjusting ourselves to our environment and trying to act like the upper classmen.

Sophomore Class

School opened September, 1931, bringing us three new teachers: Principal, Mr. Moran; Miss Lord, taking Miss Hatch's place; Miss Johnson, taking the place of Miss Connors; and Miss Paine returned to her former duties.

Early in the year we chose as officers: President, Vincent Couper; Secretary, Marjorie Bradlee; and Treasurer, Josephine Hutchinson. At our next meeting we decided upon our class rings. As we had agreed to contract the year before for standard rings, we went right about getting them. The ring is green gold, and has the town seal mounted on a square base.

Virginia Maynard, formerly from Roxbury, brought the number of the class up to twelve that fall. But before the end of the year, Greta Webster left us. She went to Nova Scotia.

The following members of the Sophomore class took part in the sports that year: track, Marjorie Bradlee, Vincent Couper, and Josephine Hutchinson; basketball, Marjorie Bradlee and Vincent Couper; baseball, Vincent Couper, Harold Knox, and George Armstrong.

"High Life" staff that year included two Sophomores: Marjorie Bradlee, school reporter, and Vincent Couper, Boys' Athletic Editor.

Junior Class

When we returned to school in September 1932, we found we had lost one member and gained one. Joseph Sullivan went to St. Anslem's Academy in Manchester, New Hampshire, and Christopher Landry came from Brookline. Also before the end of the year another member was added, Miriam Barker, who came here from Arlington.

There was only one change in teachers last year. Miss Boutelle took Miss Lord's place. Miss Paine became our class advisor.

The class officers were as follows: President, Vincent Couper; Treasurer, Harold Knox; and Secretary, Josephine Hutchinson.

The Juniors that were on the "High Life" staff were: School reporter, Marjorie Bradlee; Exchange, Francena Hunt; Literary

History

editors, Virginia Maynard and Vincent Couper; and Joke editor, Josephine Hutchinson.

We began our Washington fund by selling candy at the Senior play. The Junior Prom was held on June second, and resulted in a gratifying success. The grand march was led by Vincent Couper and Josephine Hutchinson.

The hall was decorated with wistaria, orchid and white being our class colors.

The winners of the essay, sponsored by the American Legion Auxilary for Memorial Day, were as follows: First prize, Christopher Landry; Second prize, Marjorie Bradlee; and Josephine Hutchinson received one of the three honorable mentions.

Harold Knox was chosen as the marshal for the graduation exercises.

At the last press meeting Marjorie Bradlee was awarded the first prize for the best editorial in the "High Life".

Senior Class

At last in September 1933, the long anticipated Senior year arrived, bringing the number of the members to eleven, as Wilbur Brown left us to go to Worcester Acadamy, and Margaret McGovern and James Clegg joined us. Clegg came here from Elmhurst, Long Island.

The Senior officers are: President, Vincent Couper; Secretary, Marjorie Bradlee; and Treasurer, Harold Knox.

There was no change in the faculty this year.

Several of the class went out for sports this year. Marjorie Bradlee track, and basketball, the latter of which she was captain; Miriam Barker, basketball. The boys' basketball team included Couper, captain; Knox, Armstrong, Clegg, Alling, and Landry. Baseball: Knox,captain; Couper, Alling, Armstrong, and Clegg as members of the team.

Senior members of the "High Life" staff for this year are: Editor-in-chief, Marjorie Bradlee; Literary editor, Vincent Couper; Boys' Athletic editor, Christopher Landry; Exchange editor, Francena Hunt; Typist, Margaret McGovern; and Alumni editor, Josephine Hutchinson. Vincent Couper was the Vice President of the Center Massachusetts Interscholastic Press Association for this last year. At the May meeting Christopher Landry was awarded honorable mention for a story.

To the small sum that we received from our efforts in our Junior year, we added the proceeds from the following: three food sales, candy which sold at the Minstrel Show and the Athletic play, two whist parties, supper which we gave for the teachers, penny sale, and two dances. We also sold candy during the noon hour at school most of the year. But the greatest success, which was due largely to Mr. Moran's efforts and patience as coach, was the play "Danny Boy". The cast was as follows: leading lady, Marjorie Bradlee; Miriam Barker, Francena Hunt, and Josephine Hutchinson, girls. Leading man, Christopher Landry; Harold Knox, James Clegg, Vincent Couper, who played two parts, Francis Alling, and George Armstrong. We also had the cooperation of two Juniors, Mary Healy and Kenneth Duffy.

We were pleased and grateful to receive a gift of ten dollars, which aided in making our trip possible.

On April 20 we sailed from Boston for New York, which proved to be a surprisingly pleasant experience. A bus met us at the dock Saturday morning and throughout the entire trip provided our transportation. We were fortunate in having an exceptionally pleasant driver, who made the long hours of riding very enjoyable. Perhaps, it was because he was a friend of a certain teacher, but at any rate he was full of fun and pleasant with us all.

We spent a few hours in Philadelphia Saturday noon, touring the city and having lunch. We arrived in Washington about seven that night. The city of Washington itself proved to be very impressive. Sunday we visited the following places: Franciscan Monastery, Washington Monument, National Museum, Smithsonian Institute, Lin-

coln Memorial, Arlington Cemetery, Tomb of the Unknown Soldier, and the Congressional Library; Monday morning; the Government buildings, taking in: the Bureau of Engraving and Printing, Pan American building, Capitol, and the White House. And in the afternoon we went to Mount Vernon, and Alexandria.

Tuesday morning we started for home by the way of Lancaster, Pennsylvania, so as to visit Annapolis, Gettysburg, and Valley Forge. We spent Tuesday night in Lancaster, and arrived in New York Wednesday night. Mr. Green took us to Roxy's theatre that night. Thursday we toured the city, visiting: Grant's Tomb, China Town, the Empire State building, and the Aquarium. At five o'clock we sail-for Boston. We all feel that it was an experience not to be forgotten. And we want to thank all those who made it possible. I am sure that I am safe in saying that those eight days will never be forgotten by a single one of the eighteen people in our party, which included the seniors, Mr. and Mrs. Moran, Miss Blood, Miss Lamb, Mary Healy, Mary Howard, Elsie Webb, and William Spoirs.

Shortly after our return from Washington Mr. Moran announced the honors, which were as follows: Valedictorian, Marjorie Bradlee; Salutatorian, Vincent Couper, and Honor Essay, Christopher Landry. Later he announced the parts for class day. Class Poem, Margaret McGovern; Will, George Armstrong; Prophecy, Harold Knox; Ivy Oration, Francis Alling; Song, Miriam Barker and Francena Hunt; Program for the class day exercises, James Clegg; and History, Josephine Hutchinson.

At a recent meeting we chose for our class motto, "Capite Nobilita", which means, "Achieve the Honorable!" And as our flower, the talisman rose.

And so with these happy memories of four enjoyable years in Littleton High School we close the first chapter in our life history.

Josephine Hutchinson

Salutatory

Aiding the Theatre

If you were to ask some of the older generation to criticize the present generation, probably the majority would be ready with the comment "they take too much for granted." They might elaborate on this statement by criticizing our attitude toward our home, our education, our sport, and our entertainment. Too many of the younger generation take all of these as a matter of course, not offering to a single one constructive ideas, nor offering to any of these the support of a new development. In this age of freedom, and this freedom cannot be denied, much of this lack of interest by younger people is due to the older generation who criticize, for they repeatedly excuse the faults and short-comings of youth. This form of protection has a tendency to develop an inferior character in the young individual, and is the opposite of what the elder hope to attain. This inferior characteristic can be eliminated by the parents in the home, by the teachers in the school, and by the coaches in athletics. But the choice of entertainment is up to the youth himself. The theatre has been severely criticized, and, without doubt, justly, for the degrading effect if has had upon its public, and especially the younger patrons, has been strong grounds for criticism. Some of the people who attend the theatre are too easily influenced by the temptations of the low-classed entertainment, which, as a rule, is always at the expense of the general public. These people use the crime, the corruption and the disgrace which is too frequently depicted in shows, as a means of supporting themselves at the expense of other citizens. If such is the case, we must take steps to prevent its further progress. The most effective way to prevent its progress is to support the organizations which are now working for the improvement of the theatre. Among these are: The Theatre Guild, the Little Theatre or Community Theatre, and the critics.

The theatre of twenty or thirty years ago, as some of you must remember, was of very bad repute. The majority of the productions were described as discourteous, discouraging, immoral, and ignorant. The intellectual level of the pictures was very low. As a life career, the theatre was considered rather low, and it did not attract the better people. However, about fifteen years ago a small number of amateur actors and playwriters found themselves unemployed and unsatisfied with the conditions of the theatre. As a result they organized the Theatre Guild with the intention of raising the standard of the shows. Their leader, Theresa Hellburn, was an energetic, ambitious worker who showed superb courage in even so much as attempting such a reform. She did not have the influence of a critic, not the backing of a financier, but she had the stamina to hold her ground and carry out her convictions. She knew that the showmen were only too willing to promote an obnoxious play if it would swell the gate receipts. Broadway, as a whole, was willing for the moral aspect of the theatre to remain low, because they realized the sensational features attracted the public eye. Theresa

Salisbury

Hellburn maintained that the same public would attend a play of higher intellectual value and like it better, if they were only given the opportunity. With her assistance the amateurs opened a theatre on Broadway. The neighboring theatres looked on with scorn and contempt while the amateurs labored. They predicted short life for this radical procedure, basing their predictions on the fact that the public had already showed its approval by attending their theatres. But this is where their philosophy was at fault. In merely going to the show the public did not necessarily have to approve of it. They went to the old theatre because there was nothing else to attend. So when the amateur's theatre opened it was, at first, a novelty because it presented a higher type of entertainment to which people were not accustomed. It did not take the people long to decide that this higher type of entertainment was a great advance in more ways than one and, as a result, the new theatre began to flourish. It was then that Broadway began to take notice. Certainly the new theatre was having more than the ordinary run of success, but the old type producers were anxious to kill any form of success, whatsoever. They realized that the higher type of show would either make them change their principles, or go out of business, but they did not wish to do either. Fortunately, the most of them have had to give way to the better show, and the Theatre Guild has established itself for all time. The founders of the amateur theatre, still organized as the Theatre Guild, have expaned until now they are the domineering influence of the theatre world. They censure many of the present day shows so that the public may get the benefit of the better entertainment.
Theresa Hellburn will long be remembered for the great work which she has so ably accomplished.

The Little Theatre or the Community Theatre, as it is sometimes called, is a comparatively new venture in this country. It is not organized ab a nation-wide chain. On the contrary, it seldom has any association with other theatres. It is organized by the more enterprising people of the community, not in view of great financial success, but with the purpose of bettering each community. It is because of this that the Little Theatre is so successful. As a rule these theatres are not elaborate nor do they employ famous actors. Their interests are confined to the improvement of their own community; so most of them employ home talent. They often produce plays that some of their own amateur writers have written. In this way the people of the community are brought together for their entertainment. The plays that are produced are those which tend to raise the moral standard of the theatre. This does not mean that plays have to be classical or uninteresting. On the contrary they are clean and clever and have a pleasing reaction upon the audience; they cannot be compared to the shallowness of silly, light-hearted productions. The former plays offer a permanent, real pleasure, while the latter are fickle and unreal. Although the Little Theatres are established mainly in the smaller communities, their influence extends to the larger theatres, often reaching Broadway. In the past Broadway has been in a very domineering position, but some far-sighted critics prophesy that in years to come Broadway will be only a memory. No one can definitely prove or contradict this statement, but it is certain that Broadway has not held her grip over the theatre. The Little Theatres are a development from which come some of our finest plays, and they are destined to play a large part in the future of the theatre.

Aside from these organizations is a select group of writers known as the critics. Their influence on the theatre is tremendous, because it is through their writings that the theatre-going public gets their impression of a show. They can

condemn or recommend as they see fit. They have the most powerful influence over the theatre world, and they should use this influence to the best of their advantage. In criticizing a play they should not be too greatly influenced by some minor fault which does not have much bearing on the subject. They should go deeper and sense the constructive or moral purpose. Altogether too many authors who have had good scripts have been ruthlessly criticized by some narrow-minded critic who, unfortunately, never realized the injurious effect produced, not only on the story, but on the author himself. Such a reflection often results in complete obscurity for the author. Yet the critic can be just as helpful as he can be harmful. To be helpful he must criticize the work constructively, not destructively. In this way he can bring out the faults of the author not by glaring criticisms, but by helpful suggestions. This fair criticism does much to promote the theatre because it attracts many people who consider it as a career. Previously it was not considered proper as a means of earning a living, but the critics have now established it as a goal well worth attaining. Many college students of degrees are firmly established as actors of the stage. Katherine Hepburn who attended Bryn Mawr, is an excellent example of the successful college student. Other equally fine examples are: John Mack Brown, Catherine Cornell, and Richard Bartholemew. These great actors attract a better class of people who appreciate fine acting. It is up to the critic to give these actors much publicity so that the general public may also realize and appreciate the value of unusual talent.

Through the accomplishments of these organizations and groups the condition of the theatre has been greatly improved, but a great deal remains to be done. We must cooperate with the campaigns made by the schools, the churches, and the various clubs, with the intention of benefiting, not only ourselves, but other people, for we can do a great deal of good by supporting what is uplifting. If we attend a good show we should recommend it to others. On the other hand, if we attend a poor show, we should do all in our power to suppress it. The Theatre Guilds, the Community Theatres, the critics, the school organizations and the clubs cannot be successful unless the public supports them, for without their support, little can be accomplished. It is said that if a play or picture pleases the discriminating public, its success is assured. Therefore it is up to the public, and especially the younger generation to support the type of entertainment which will assure the moral and intellectual progress of the Theatre.

H. Vincent Cooper '34

Honor Essay

Science and Social Progress

Progress is a development or an advancement toward the attainment of an ideal condition in life. It is a subject which demands the careful consideration of each and every person whether he is a common everyday citizen whose thought influences only his immediate family and friends or a great public personage on whose decisions the welfare of millions of people depends. It is something which is not merely theoretical, but which is intensely practical, because it so intimately concerns every one of us. All the efforts and all the applications of our daily lives are either consciously or unconsciously directed toward the attainment of what each individual thinks will be a better and fuller life for him. When we reflect that each individual has, according to his position, a greater or lesser influence on the people and events of his own life and time, and that this influence however great or small extends from the individual to the community, to the nation, and eventually to the whole world, we realize more clearly that progress is the duty as well as the privilege of each one of us.

In order for the individual to undertake the task of making his influence on the progress of the world a beneficial one, it is necessary for him to have a proper appreciation of the high ideal toward which he is striving, and a working knowledge of the methods which are the most lasting and effective in bringing about the realization of that ideal. We know from experience that cooperation is essential among a large number of people in order to accomplish a deserved objective: therefore, it is evident that knowledge is a primary requisite for progress, because without it we would have no unity of purpose and methods, and we would be in constant opposition to each other because of conflicting ideas and motives.

If progress involves so many different factions, as even a cursory consideration of the subject reveals to us that it does, then we must have a source from which all mankind may draw certain invariable guiding principles to divert the march of progress. These principles must be ones which have proven their value in past times and which give promise of a faithful future. In science, which is the most conspicuous field of modern thought, and which in the words of Louis Pasteur is "the soul of the prosperity of nations and the living source of all progress," we find the answer to our problem because science is a field of endeavor in which man has already made great progress, because the inventions and discoveries of science have contributed largely to society, because science has a wholesome effect on religion, and because the ideals and methods of science are worthy of emulation and have a practical application to other affairs of life.

It is easy to appreciate the fact that science and technology, the application of scientific knowledge to useful arts, is a field of endeavor in which man has made progress. We see the evidence of it at every turn of our lives. The many scientific applications which today are accepted as commonplace and ordinary were novelties or were unthought of just a few years ago. The Century of Progress Exposition at Chicago is a vivid portrayal of the achievements of science and their application though industry to the creation of a larger life for mankind. These achievements of science are demonstrated by exhibits which contrast conditions of today with those of former times. Today we have the telephone, telegraph, and radio making rapid communication possible between all points of the earth. For transportation we have automobiles, trains, ships and giant airlines bringing far-distant places closer together. We have electricity with its numerous applications turning night into day and enhancing the comfort and convience of our homes. And we have machinery easing the toil of farm and factory. All of these things are steps in progress because they are such great improvements over things of the past. The great progress of the science of medicine is proven by insurance statistics which show that the average span of life has been increased by ten years since 1860. In each of the other branches of science such as chemistry, biology, physics, and mathematics there is a correspondingly great development. No other field of human endeavor gives us any concrete evidence of being in such a high state of progress as is science and technology. In fact the development of science is so much more advanced than business, government, and other phases of national life that we cannot take full advantage of the blessings of science and hence we have the so-called depression which is a stagnant condition due to the failure of society to provide a means whereby all mankind could benefit by the application of scientific principles and inventions to the things of life.

Robert Morse Lovett of the University of Chicago, who is a widely known historian, tells us that it is a generally acknowledged fact that social science has lagged far behind technology in the matter of progress. Technology has, however, done a great deal for the advancement of society. It has aided education, without which society could not long exist in its present form, by making the widespread dissemination of knowledge through the medium of the printed page efficient and inexpensive. Books, which are absolutely essential to education, were formerly available only in few numbers and to a very few people who were wealthy enough to buy them. Today due to the printing press which is a technological development, there are millions of valuable books available to even the poorest people.

Many people who formerly were unable to obtain an education because they had to work so very hard to keep themselves supplied with the necessary material things of life have been freed from this toil and are now able to enjoy the enlightment of higher learning.

In this way education has become the property of the masses rather than of the few. Many great minds which formerly would have perished because of lack of opportunity have been given a chance to develop and the world is reaping the benefits of their genius. Einstein Wells, Pasteur, and Mme. Curie are excellent examples, as are countless others not mentioned here.

Science has created leisure time which is necessary for the development and appreciation of the fine arts. It has brought the nations of the world into a closer understanding of each other by

means of easy communication and travel. The closer understanding and the fact that science has made warfare so horrible that no nation may war on another without expecting to have severe damage inflicted upon itself are important factors in bringing about universal peace, which certainly is one of the ideal conditions toward which we are striving. All these and many others which have not been mentioned are benefits to society which have been derived directly from science. Although the progress of society is necessarily slow and gradual we have ample proof that science has aided its development and it is not unreasonable to expect that as science in the future progresses to new heights it will make more and, probably, even greater contributions to society than it has in the past. Science is surely one of the most important factors in social progress.

Religion, the supreme motivating force in our lives, is so closely interrelated with social progress that the two are practically inseparable. Many people are, however, laboring under the delusion that science and religion have no common relationship. They think that the object of science is to destroy religious belief, to prove that doctrine is founded on more superstition, and to replace the God Whom they intimately know and love in their hearts by atheism, or at best by a cold, severe guiding force known only by the name of the Supreme Being and who guides their destinies with unerring justice but with neither love nor mercy. This is a misconception of science founded only on ignorance, or arising from the fact that the person does not take into consideration the many factors involved in scientific processes. If the problems of science and religion are approached with open-minded intelligence a deeper understanding and a fuller appreciation of the two subjects will inevitably result. Science and religion both have truth as their objective. Hence if religious belief is founded on truth it will be corroborated by scientific research. But if a person's belief is not true it cannot be reconciled with science. Hence, science has a deep-rooted effect on religion. If you are fortunate enough to profess a religion which is in full agreement with the discoveries of science then research will strengthen your convictions and increase your fervor. But if on the other hand you are disturbed by the evidence of scientific experiment, if new knowledge seems to contradict old beliefs, then you are bound to stop and adjust your theories of religion to the indisputable facts of science. If all men apply scientific principles to religious doctrines the present chaotic condition of religion will be corrected. There are many absolutely contradictory theories concerning those things that are supernatural. All of these theories cannot be true. Some of them are bound to be false. Our march of progress has truth as its goal. If we are truly conscientous, sincere, and progressive, we must be willing to dispense with prejudice, to scrap false theories for proven facts. And to do this we must use all the means at our disposal. Scientific research is the final answer to many of the questions of religion. We are all anxious to know the truth and we must all be willing to accept it once it has been proven beyond doubt. We must keep always in our minds the fact that both religion and science are derived from the same source and that both intend to raise man to a higher level of progress. True religion and science can never be contradictory.

It has been amply proven that science is in a relatively high state of development, that it has made many worthwhile contributions to society, and that it has a wholesome effect on religion. Common sense tells us that behind such success there must be men with high ideals and effective methods, but we wonder if the ideals and methods of the

scientists are practical for application in other walks of life. A moments consideration of the subject is sufficient to convince us that they are practical in all fields of endeavor. In the first place we must realize that man and the performance of his duty to his God are far more important than any other things in this world, because God created man for Himself and He created the world and all its resources for man. From this we may logically infer that the ideals toward which we strive in the march of progress must all have as their object the betterment of man and the improvement of his condition in life. The ideals of science as expressed by Dr. John M. Coulter, Professor of Botany, at the University of Chicago are (1) to understand nature, that the boundaries of human knowledge may be extended, and that man may live in an ever-widening perspective; (2) to apply this knowledge to the service of man, that his life may be fuller of opportunity; and (3) to use the method of science in training man so that he may solve his problems and not be their victim. Let us consider for a moment the first of these ideals "to understand nature that the boundaries of human knowledge may be extended, and that man may live in an ever-widening perspective." If we are to have material progress we must understand nature because the scientific principles of nature are the ones which technology uses to make improvements in the material things of the world. Our knowledge must be extended and our perspective widened in order that we may understand the ideal toward which we are striving, and that we may know which are the things that are of greatest benefit to progress. The first ideal "of science certainly recognizes the importance of man and provides for his betterment."

The second ideal of science is "to apply this knowledge to the service of man, that his life may be fuller of opportunity." This too is applicable to life in general because as we have already stated man is the most important thing in this world of ours, he is the noblest work of God, and he must be given the opportunity to develop his faculties to the highest possible point, for progress arises from the creative power of the brain of man.

The third ideal, "to use the method of science in training man so that he may solve his problems and not be their victim," is the greatest lesson that we can gain from science. It is a lesson which we can apply to practically all of the problems of life. The objects of our own lives and of science are to know the truth, to be able to distinguish the important from the irrelevant, and to find out the best way of performing any certain function.

The method of science in attaining its objects is, briefly, to construct a theory in strict accordance with fact,--previous knowledge and reason--and then to test this theory by experiment. If the theory fails after an impartial trial, Science rejects it and patiently starts out anew. We, too, can solve the problems of life by this same method. First we must employ the faculty of reason, taking into consideration all the phases of our problem and planning ahead for the future. Then we apply the idea we have gained by reason to the problem at hand. If the plan is a good one hard work and steady devotion to purpose are all that are needed to bring success. But if we have planned unwisely, if we are not progressing, we must retrench and start anew with all the fire, enthusiasm, and pioneer spirit of our American forefathers.

In conclusion let us stress the importance of the part which each individual plays in progress. The motives and methods of the individual affect the progress of the community, the community affects

the nation and the nation by its influence and example determines the progress of the world as a whole. Science has taught us the methods which are the most efficient for progress. We may emulate these methods because science itself is in a high state of progress, in all its fields it has made many valuable contributions to society, it works in perfect agreement with true religion, and its methods and ideals can be profitably applied to all the problems of life. Religion and science have given us a high ideal and a noble one. Our path of duty is clean. We must take up the torch which has been passed down to us by worthy forebears, and by intelligence and hard work we can and we will progress onward and upward to the attainment of a better world in which man may live; a world full of opportunity for man to develop and reverently pay due homage to his Creator.

Christopher C. Landry '34

Ivy Oration

Probably, in the lives of the seniors of the class of 1934, there will never be a worthier tribute to a school than the planting of this ivy today. The planting, which symbolizes the beginning of a new and greater life, is two-fold in its meaning. It pledges to the school a lasting devotion, and to the class it stands forth as a sacred emblem of development. As this ivy is stunted by the ravages of nature so may our lives be burdened by the trials and tribulations of fate, or fortune. But as the ivy struggles to grow, day by day, ever seeking the light above it, let us strive to grow with as definite a goal. Let us, like the walls of this building, support that which ever struggles to grow upward and on.

Today, years rest lightly on our shoulders. What has been accomplished in our education has been done so with much pleasure. Never has the effort been greater than the profit. Regardless of the difficulty of the task, there was always a way by which to accomplish it. But today we know that later years are to fall heavier, and that, perhaps, tasks will not be so easily performed. The ivy may grow slowly, but its struggle will be a noble existance. Should fortune favor a rapid growth the height of its symbol will increase accordingly. If we grow, let us grow nobly, however small. If we become great, let us spread our help to others as the ivy always does its shade. Let us conscientiously work to achieve an honorable end, and in moments of despair let us always look back to the day on which we planted this ivy, and try, like the growing plant, to reach upward moment by moment to all that is good and beautiful.

Francis Alling '34

Prophesy

A man who is successful in life needs a short vacation once in a-while; so, of course, I decided that a trip to the Century of Progress Exposition of 1950 would be the ideal place to spend a few weeks. After all, one really sees the world when viewing the exposition.

The first part of my journey was spent on board the S.S. Boston on the way to New York. What memories that old ship brought back to me! The class of L.H.S. 1934! It made me wonder what had become of all my classmates, for it seemed years since I had seen or heard from any of them.

During the evening, I was sitting in the reading room pondering over a biography of the immortal Burke, when I noticed a little lady sitting just across from me. Somehow, I felt I knew her. Evidently she recognized me, as she came over and spoke to me. It was Margaret McGovern, who finished her High School course in my class. She told me she was travelling as an elderly woman's companion, and had been fortunate in securing this work some years previous to our meeting.

It seemed like old times chatting with Maggie but she had to report to her stateroom shortly, and we had but a few minutes to talk.

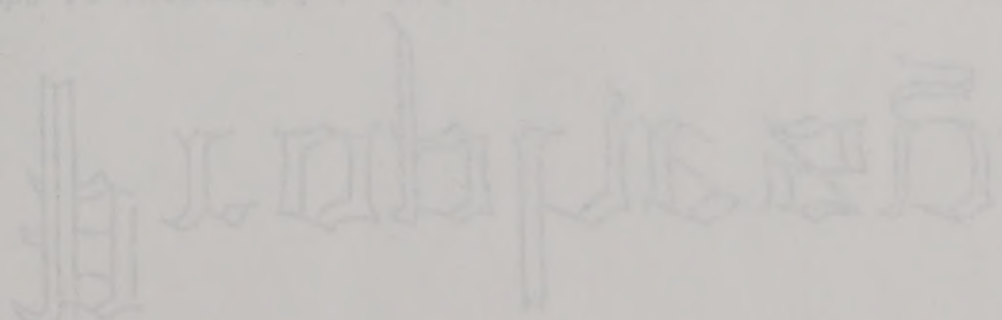
When the boat docked in New York the next morning, a great excitement among the ladies prevailed at Pier II. A Trans-Atlantic liner with its usual Quota of celebrities, and among them, I was told, was George Armstrong, the actor, whose appearance had won great acclaim. Another classmate! I waited to see George, and although his engagements were many, the short time I spent with him was more than enjoyable, as it gave us a chance to recount the escapades of our younger days.

I continued by bus for several days and passing through Ohio, the heat was almost unbearable. In Columbus we stopped one night. The effects of the long hard ride prompted me to inquire where I might consult a doctor. The clerk at the desk in the hotel instructed me to call upon a young man who was a very promising physician. The name seemed familiar. When I entered the office, there sat Dr. Alling. I of course, realized he had a fine start in the laboratory of L.H.S.

After office hours, Francis and I spent the evening to-gether, and you can rest assured we tried hard to make it compare with the good times of our school days. But age is beginning to tell on us.

Francis told me that another of our classmates, Christopher Landry, was the Professor of Astronomy at a college in Kalamazoo, Michigan. I can remember that in High School he used to spend a great deal of time star-gazing, and at that time he claimed he had discovered a new planet, "Mona", and now he is completing his extensive study on this and several little planets.

As a grand ending to my evening with Dr. Alling, we decided to go to one of the largest night clubs that this part of the country could boast of, and where a widely advertised show was booked to open. This act was under the name of



"Billie and Bert" with a troupe of girls. When the show started, much to our amazement, "Billie and Bert" were none other than Francena Hunt and Josephine Hutchinson, two more of the class of '34.

We lost no time in reviewing old acquaintances and the girls informed us that the person who composed the music for their acts was Miriam Barker. She has travelled for several years with the troupe and has written many popular songs of the day. They told us of their success and that their future engagements were the subject of wide spread comment. It seemed to compare with their senior days when their engagements were also the current events of the day.

I wished I might have spent more time in Columbus with my friends, but I had to go on. After I arrived in Chicago, I ventured to explore the many wonderful exhibitions which were more than interesting. I strolled leisurely from one place to another. One little cabin had a window display of many interesting souvenirs. I decided to look them over, and entered the store. There in the corner, busily polishing smart looking canes, sat a man whom I instantly recognized as Jimmie Clegg. The usual greetings over, he hastened to inform me that he received his inspiration for his prosperous little business while on the Washington trip. I remembered that Jimmie was quite handy with the canes on that trip.

In his usual joyish manner, he instructed me to visit the agricultural building, as he thought I might find something of interest there. Sure enough, the supervisor of the agricultural display was Vincent Couper. It seemed good to see him again. He informed me that after he had graduated from Amherst, he had received a position as a Government Inspector of Agriculture, and was stationed in Chicago during the Exposition.

As there were so many interesting things to see, it seemed only a short time until I had to start back home again. However, the trip back was to be in a plane from the American Airway, and I thought it would be a long dreary ride. This was not to be, for when I was settled in the plane, I discovered that the charming hostess was another classmate, Marjorie Bradlee. Naturally her gracious and pleasant manner endeared her to the hearts of her various and distinquished passengers, just as it did to her schoolmates. Do you suppose her work, which takes her to the clouds, is an inspiration for Professor Landry's extensive studies in Astronomy?

Now, vacation over, I must get down to work. I have before me the great work of preparing a successful campaign. I have received word that I have been nominated to run for Mayor of Littleton.

John Harold Knox '34

Will

Mr. Love, Mr. Moran, Teachers, Pupils of Littleton High, and Friends. We, the Seniors of '34, Littleton High School, County of Middlesex, and State of Mass., being of sound mind and body, do hereby make, publish and declare this our last will and testament as follows:

To the Junior Class -- We will our splendid conduct, cooperation, dignity, and reputation. To them we also leave a good view of the street without straining their necks watching the industrious construction crew on our main highway.

To the Sophomore Class -- We leave our highest hopes that they will have the benefit of a new gymnasium before their school days at Littleton High are over.

To the Freshman Class -- We leave our watchful eye upon the athletic teams that this class will produce in taking up the burden of keeping the high standard set by the graduating class.

To Mr. Love -- We bequeath this sheet of Music in preparation for the next Minstrel Show.

TEACHERS

To Mr. Moran -- We leave this baseball autographed by all the members of the Senior Class in memory of the baseball team he coached to victory.

To Miss Johnson--We will this man that she will have a tennis partner.

To Miss Boutelle-We leave this package of confetti to be used when most needed.

To Miss Paine--We leave this book of Parliamentary Law that she may keep order in the class meetings of the future. We also leave her this book on Addition to be studied for its original purpose.

To the individuals of the Junior Class we will the following:

To Theodore Eliades--We will Clegg's remedy for those blind dates on a trip, TWO ASPIRIN.

To Roberta Urban--We leave Mae Hunt's position as piano player.

To Charles Hosmer--We will this membership card to the House of David.

To William Speirs--This piece of adhesive tape and may he wrap it around his organ of speech.

To Teresa McPhee--We leave a tongue to make up for the loss.

To Quentin Banks--We will our sincere hopes that he may find a substitute for the daily conversation with Miss Hutchinson, who is just a farmer's daughter but is to be a sailor's bride.

To Louis Hunt--We will the promptness of all our class to the morning session of school, and a book of new excuses.

To Mary Jane Karner--We will the ability of Knox to sing HAPPY DAYS ARE HERE AGAIN.

To Hazel Alward--We most generously leave this wall of silence in which we hope she will retire when first she feels the desire to giggle.

To Mary Howard--We will the luck in love of Josephine Hutchinson.

To Dorothy Leighton--We will this fire extinguisher to quench the fire in the eyes of her boy friends when they see the color in her flaming face.

To Mary McGovern--We leave the success of her sister in keeping in good standing with the local Banks; but until her Archie returns, we leave her this Bank.

To Charles Pickard--We leave the telephone number of Clegg's dates on the Washington Trip.

To Kenneth Duffy--We leave his favorite vine, THE POISON IVY.

To the underclassmates we leave the following:

To Leland Alling--We leave this wax for his mustache.

To Edgar Woodbury--We will this box of raisins for energy in his pitching next year.

To Louis Gerbi--We leave this book on glass blowing that he may make a new arm.

To Chester Dolan--We will this ring, the measurements of which we had much difficulty in securing but the situation was saved when we thought of measuring Jane Robinson's finger.

In witness whereof in behalf of the Class of '34, I have hereto set my hand and seal the twenty-sixth day of June in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and thirty-four.

George G. Armstrong, Jr.
Attorney at Law

The above instrument was on the date thereof, signed, sealed, published and declared by the Senior Class, the testator, as and for their last will and testament in the presence of us, who at our request and in our presence, and in the presence of each other, have subscribed our names as witnesses thereto:

John Harold Fox

Margaret McGovern

Francena Mae Hunt

Marjorie C. Bradlee

Miriam Barker

W. Vincent Cooper

Josephine Hutchinson

Christopher C. Landry

James H. Clegg

Francis W. Alling

Social Register

Name	Nickname	Would Be	Could Be	Song
Francis Alling	Fran	A second Walter Winchell	A gigolo	Fresh as a daisy
George Armstrong	Gawge	A collar ad	The Fuller Brushman	Cinderella's Fella
Vincent Couper	Wincent	A comedian	A tester of laboratory glassware	I've got rythmn
Marjorie Bradlee	Cabbage	A good advetisement for stilts	A milk maid	I've got cha where I want cha
Miriam Barker	Mir	A rube	A hula-hula dancer	Smoke gets in your eyes
Francena Hunt	Mae	A kitten on the keys	Mae West	Swingy little Thingy
Josephine Hutchinson	Joe	A chemist	Cleopatra	Oh you nasty man!
Harold Knox	Harry	Irish	Ladies' Man	Swanee
James Clegg	Hercules	A sheik	The strong man in the circus--or the lion tamer	Hot cha, baby tiger rag
Margaret McGovern	Maggie	Goldilocks	Black Beauty	Would God I were the tender apple blossom
Christopher Landry	Chris	The milkman	On the good side of Miss Paine	Oh Mona

Social Register

Name	Hobby	Sport	Saying
Francis Alling	Being sweet to his fellow classmates upon whom he wastes much love.	Being ironical	Give me a bowler for everyday wear.
George Armstrong	Green suspenders and loud neckties.	Marbles	Hello, Gorgeous!
Vincent Couper	Slaying the women.	Breaking beakers in the laboratory.	Oh piffle!
Marjorie Bradlee	Leaving poetry in the bottles.	Falling.	Isn't limewater green?
Miriam Barker	Doing the Carioca.	Throwing stink bombs and running into hydrants.	I gotta throw the cat!
Francena Hunt	Hop scotch.	Roller skating.	Sit down you can't dance.
Josephine Hutchinson	Burt	Fishing	At the Cape------
Harold Knox	Proposing to girls on busses.	Swimming in the pool with the mermaids.	My dear teachers--
James Clegg	Dancing to make girls happy.	Oh, he's good at all of them, but he seems to like to bowl rather well!	If he hits me, he'll think he ran into a cyclone!
Margaret McGovern	Yodeling in the morning exercises.	Skipping rope.	You're worse than Landry!
Christopher Landry	Reading poetry he finds in the milk bottles!	Playing the horses.	Now down in Brookline they do this way----------

Individual Write Ups

Marjorie Elizabeth Bradlee

Mischievous Eager Brilliant

Tennis Tournament-1; Basketball-2, 3,4; Captain-4; High Life Staff-1,2,3,4; Editor-in-Chief-4; Second Place Legion Essay-3; First Prize Essay C.M.I.P.A. Contest-3;

Although she may be mistaken for a quiet girl by most people, she is as full of fun as anyone would ask for. She did more than her share in making the Washington trip possible. She is industrious, always finding something to do, even if it is only to entertain the milkman. Marjorie knows what she wants and goes after it.

George Gordon Armstrong, Jr.

Gallinaceous Graminivorous
Antediluvian Juvenescent

Baseball 2,3,4; Track 2,3,4; Senior Play 4; Basketball 4; Class Will 4; Tennis Tournament 1; Baseball Manager 1.

George Gordon Armstrong, Jr. is a fun-loving but studious member of the class of nineteen hundred thirty-four. Although George may seem a little chimerical to some people, we are able, fortunately, to issue information to the effect that he is quite harmless. All fooling aside, however, George is really one of the outstanding members of the class in that he is not only humorous but studious also. Forgetting his seeming insanity, we can expect fine things from him. Good Luck, George!

Margaret Kathleen McGovern

Mischievous-Kind-Hearted-Musical

Basketball-2; Senior Play-4; High Life Typist-4; Class Poem-4.

I've often wondered if next year they will be able to continue morning exercises without Maggie McGovern's sweet, bird-like voice to carry the air in the "Battle Hymn of the Republic." Peg proves the point that plump people are good natured. When Maggie laughs, everyone in the whole school knows it. And is she ticklish! She thinks the senior boys are well behaved, especially the one that sits two seats in front of her.

Peg has been to school in Littleton all her life, but she just joined our class this year and we certainly were glad to count her among our number. Without her skill on the typewriter, many a "High Life" would never have gone to press.

Francena Mae Hunt

Friendly Musical Hefty

Orchestra 2,3, and 4. High Life 3, and 4. Pianist 3, and 4. Class Song 4, Senior Play 4.

Of her early life we know little, but in years to come you will probably find the complete summary in a "Who's Who in America." She has had a distinguised musical career in High School. Every morning she puts us in good humor by offering an enlightening selection on the Baby Grand. Number 134 is her specialty. She has also had a

wonderful position with the High School Ochestra, which will undoubtely establish her in Grand Opera. We know very little of her private affairs, but then, what we know we know, and what we don't know, we surmise.

Josephine Hutchinson

Jocund Hospitable

Groton Fair (2) Treasurer (2) Groton Fair (3) Secretary (3) Senior Play (4) Class History (4)

Jo, the girl with the blushing face, and the tongue that slips, will always be at the head of the group, in school and out. She has always caused a gathering of males until a few months ago, when a sailor suit "ups and pops the question." Now Jo's a one-man girl, but can you blame her! Anyway, we wish her the best of luck.

John Harold Knox

Justifiable
Honorificabilitudinitatibus
Kind

Baseball-1,2,3,4; Basketball-3,4; Class Treasurer-3,4; Senior Play-4; Class Marshall-3; Class Prophecy.

Harry, as he is usually called is a great sport. Without his [illegible] skill and co-operation, we should have lost many a game in both baseball and basketball. He is a favorite among his classmates and will be greatly missed from L.H.S. in the future. His ever-ready wit was a great source of enjoyment in all his classes and among all his friends. Best of Luck! Harold.

Henry Vincent Couper

Helpful Virtuous Courteous

Baseball-1,2,3,4; Basketball-2,3,4; Track-3,4; Senior Play-4; High Life-3,4; Tennis Tournament-1; Vice President C.M.I.P.A.-4; Class President-3,4; Salutatory Essay-4.

"Vin" is one of our all-round senior boys. He represents the school in many fields, having been captain of basketball, shortstop on the baseball team, and a member of the orchestra. "Vin" is president of our class and Salutatorian of the graduation class. Shall we ever forget the wild way in which "Vin" ran around in Washington!

Miriam Barker

Mischievous Bashful

Glee Club-2,3; Class Basketball-1, 2,3; Basketball-4; Tennis-2,3; Senior Play-4; Class song-4.

At first Miriam is a very stern girl. How reserved and distant is her bearing! But,oh! What wit she showed on the Washington trip. Miriam, as a contradiction to a quiet personality, you take the cake. Has anyone seen Miriam drive a car? Well, believe it or not, it's a sight for sore eyes when it's someone's else car. Miriam is popular in sports and her favorite occupation is studying. She is tall, slender, and a medium blonde. Blonde,males, beware!

Christopher Charles Landry

Candid Chivalrous Likeable

Basketball (1,2,3,4) Track (3,4) Football (1,2) Debating (1,2) Class President (1,2) Winner in the American Auxiliary Essay Contest (3) Honorable Mention C.M.I.P.A. Essay Contest (4) Honor Essay (4) Senior Play (3,4)

Chris was very quiet before the Washington trip, but now he is as silly as the rest. He has to push the women off, and it is rumored that he has applied to Washington for a body-guard. Some of his

admirers "say it with flowers," being the popular sentiment. We were proud of Chris in the play. An inside tip is that he likes to read poetry. He enjoys living in the country after his wild life in Brookline. We've seen him at the movies in Lowell off and on, and, unfortunately, have believed him to be alone. But after the lights came on we've seen that his shoulder was just a place of rest for a small chicken. Ask Chris about it and see that big, proud grin.

James Hamilton Clegg

Jolly Hilarious Carefree

Baseball-4; Basketball-4; Track 2; Class Baseball-1,2; Class Football -1,2; Class Basketball-1,2; Class Track-1; Commercial Club-2; Top Sargeant at Military School-1; Senior Play-4.

We have known Jimmy only this year, but we certainly do know him. When we first saw him we were under the impression that he was quiet; but, oh, what a mistake! On the Washington trip he furnished us with entertainment, just about all the time we were gone. He is a good sport, but is a little inclined to take things too seriously, such as a telephone call.

We understand that Jimmy travels around from here to there. But wherever you go in the future, Jimmy, we wish you the best of luck.

Francis William Alling

Friendly Witty Argumentative

Baseball-1,2,3,4; Track-3,4; Basketball-3,4; Tennis-2; Class Play-4; Ivy Oration-4.

Frannie, as he is affectionately known by his friends, is a live wire in any gathering. His irrepressible sense of humor just bubbles over at all times. His humor is enchanced by his general knowledge of many varied subjects including other people's business. He atones for his sarcasm by his sincere friendship toward all his schoolmates. Frannie leaves high school with the enviable record of never having been beaten in an argument although his opponents have included everyone from the Freshman class to the members of the faculty. To him also goes the credit for much of the success of the Washington trip. We shall always remember many of the comical incidents in which he was involved. Remember that bath tub at the Cairo, Frannie.

Valedictory

CREATIVE WRITING

If education is going to progress in years to come, it will have to stress in particular, creative writing; for this promotes one of the most valuable phases of modern education. The English language is the only means we have of conveying our thoughts, our knowledge and instruction. Should not each pupil then be taught how to use in his writing the English language to the best of his ability? It is necessary that for every person, not only for educational pursuits, but for social purposes and character building that he should be made a master of the English expression. Every person must have some medium through which he can express himself. He needs some occupation through which he may give vent to his moods of exultance and joy or depression and sorrow. Some people find this outlet in music by becoming skilled in the playing of some musical instrument. Others find that they can best express their feelings through art, in painting or sculptoring. But one of the best means of self expression is through creative writing. This method will develop the power to think logically and to express ideas with accuracy and fullness; it will encourage research; and it will mold character.

To become a master of creative writing one does not have to practice long hours each day as a musician does, nor does he need to travel abroad and study all the types of ancient art as an artist or sculptor would. It requires only a comprehensive understanding of the English language and an imagination. A person needs only these two, and a desire and will to write to become a master of this type of creative work. If the value of creative writing were stressed more in schools, and the pupils instructed in the fundamentals of this subject, those who possess a natural ability for writing would be encouraged to proceed further in this field. Since time began a person with a natural instinct toward some art has been more or less ridiculed by his fellow associates. This derision has been particularly noticeable when a person, especially a young person, has shown that he possesses talent for writing. There is no doubt that there are many people in the world who, because of their sensitive nature, have kept their talents for writing hidden, and not until after their death has the public been permitted to see how creative writing has promoted their power to think logically and express their ideas fully and accurately. To prove my point here let me cite the life of Emily Dickinson. She wrote in solitude in her youth. Then suddenly she decided she would write no poetry at all. For twelve years she kept this resolution, jotting down only little phrases, a few sentences, hardly poems, because of the restraint behind them, when the temptation to write became too strong. Besides receiving no encouragement from anyone else she restrained herself from writing. Then in a sudden burst of spirit, when she was thirty-two years old, she wrote a letter containing six sentences and a few poems to a Mr. Higginson, calling his attention to her poetry. This was the only daring thing she ever did in her whole life, the only encouragement she ever sought. As it was she received little attention from Mr. Higginson. Later, he did take more of an inter-

Valedictory

est in her, but he never gave her a great deal of encouragement. Even as a young girl she was scorned by her girl comrades, who were unable to find a way to answer her queerly written letters, series of epigrams, written in half rhyme down the page; the nimbler the sentiment, the better the phrases ran. Another queer habit of hers in letter writing that caused her to receive a great deal of ridicule from her friends was her aversion to placing her handwriting on the outside of an envelope. It seemed to her over sensitive mind that she was baring her very soul by allowing impersonal eyes to glance at her handwriting. When her sister was unable to address the letters, she would cut the necessary letters from newspapers and assemble them as the address. No wonder Amherst, her native town, dubbed her queer. Because they did believe her queer--some went so far as to say insane--she became all the more solitary, excluding herself from everyone and thus removing all chance of being incited and urged on in her writing. In spite of the fact that she received no encouragement from anyone, she has written what has been called by many the most perfect poetry in the English language. Let me quote one of her poems here:

"These are the days when birds come back,
A very few, a bird or two,
To take a backward look.

"These are the days when skies put on
The old, old sophistries of June,--
A blue and gold mistake.

"Oh, fraud that cannot cheat the bee,
Almost thy plausibility
Induces my belief,

"Till ranks of seeds their witness bear,
And softly through the altered air
Hurries a timid leaf!.

"Oh, sacrament of summer days,
Oh, last communion in the haze.
Permit a child to join,

"Thy sacred emblems to partake,
Thy consecrated bread to break,
Taste thine immortal wine!"

Is not this an example of perfect Poetry? It is a truly beautiful picture of Indian summer, when we see just a few of the summer birds, lingering on, reluctant to leave. The skies are so blue that we are almost convinced ourselves that it is spring once more, but the seeds of the flowers all around us and here and there a falling leaf convinces us that we have been living in an illusion; it is not June, but Indian Summer. What is more beautiful than the works, the rhyme, the picture the last two stanzas portrays?

"Oh, sacrament of summer days,
Oh, last communion in the haze,
Permit a child to join,

"Thy sacred emblems to partake,
Thy consecrated bread to break,
Taste thine immortal wine!"

How full of logic this poem is and how briefly and yet accurately she has expressed her main subject, "Indian Summer". In addition to Emily Dickinson, many of our great poets, essayists and novelists, such as Edgar Allen Poe, David Thoreau and Louisa May Alcott during their lives have had no encouragement and yet have been geniuses in their type of writing. If without anyone to urge and incite them they can produce such masterpieces as did Emily Dickinson and Poe, what supreme achievements might they not have accomplished if they had had creative writing taught to them in schools? Not only might they have received training in writing and thus received an improvement on their style, but they would have been encouraged by their teachers to devote their life to writing and thus have begun to write in earnest at an earlier age and probably have given to the world much more creative literature.

Creative writing promotes research into many fields of science, history and literature. A student taking a

course in creative writing would have to resort to encyclopedias and make an extensive study into the subject he had chosen. One assignment might be to write about the life of a writer in English literature. T he student would be obliged to consult several authorities, concerning the life of the man and perhaps even read some of the author's works in order to discover the type and style of his writings. Think of the help a course like this would give to a student of English literature. Neither would the research be applied to English alone. Themes or theses would also be written dealing with chemistry, biology, historical events and languages. Creative writing, by encouraging research, would be an aid to the student of any subject. This type of writing inspires a person into another field of research, and that is the field of imagination. By attempting to write creatively, one cannot help but develop his imagination, and by doing this, find new beauty in his daily work and surroundings. I have heard somepeople say that they did not like modern poetry, which is an outstanding form of creative writing, because they read poetry to rest their minds from the tiresomeness and troubles of the world; that since so much modern poetry was written about the very subjects they were trying to forget, they were unable to obtain enjoyment from reading it. It is very true that modern poets choose for their subjects very common things. Open a book of Carl Sandburg's poetry and glance at the subjects about which he has chosen to write. Here is one about cobwebs, another about the New Farm Tractor, one describes Frozen Milk, while here is one entitled "Nocturn Cabbage". What enjoyment can the farmer's son find when tired from a day's work of hoeing cabbages he picks up a book of poetry to take his mind away from all that has to do with a farm. He opens the book and reads the title of the first poem, "Nocturn Cabbage" Cabbages! Couldn't a poet find a better subject than that about which to write? What sort of a poem could be written about a cabbage any way? He picks up the book and reads

"Cabbages catch at the moon. It is late summer, no rain, the pack of the soil cracks open, it is a hard summer. In the night the cabbages catch at the moon, the leaves drip silver, the rows of cabbages are series of little silver waterfalls in the moon."

Here is some one who has used his imagination. He has found beauty in a cabbage plant. He has compared this humble lowly vegetable to a silver waterfall in the moon. The boy reads the poem again. He remembers reading something about cabbages being beautiful before. Where was it? Oh, Yes, it was in "So Big", by Edna Ferber. Do you remember when Klaas Pool was driving Selina Peake, the new teacher, to the farm and Selina, overcome by the beauty of the prairie, with its rows and rows of cabbages, jade green against the dark earth, cried aloud. "Oh, Mr. Pool, how beautiful it is here!" "What's beautiful?" questioned the amazed Mr. Pool. "This--the--the cabbages. They're like jade and Burgundy; all the fields of cabbages and corn and beet tops together look like Persian Patches!" Mr. Pool had been overcome by amusement--cabbages is beautiful--he chuckled and immediately branded Selina a failure as a school teacher But Selina had merely used her imagination. The cabbages were beautiful to her. The farmer's son begins to be convinced that maybe cabbages are beautiful after all. No longer does the boy dislike to read poetry about the objects he sees every day on the farm. He discovers that tasks that formerly seemed tiresome now are looked forward to with anticipation because of their association with poems and bits of creative writing. He begins to use his imagination. No longer does he rely upon the creative writings of poets and novelists to point out to him the beauty in the humble objects of the farm. He becomes a creative thinker and because of this his work is

no longer drab and dull.

Lastly, creative writing tends to mold character. An author has the power of putting the person to whom he is talking perfectly at ease. He has dealt so much with human mind in creating the characters in his books that he is able to read each person's personality and when he senses the type of mind that person possesses, he changes his personality to suit his companions, thus obliterating any feeling of inferiority that might exist between the two. If students in school were instructed in creative writing so that they were able in a small way to sense another person's temperament, there would be less feeling of inferiority among the younger generation. Creative writing is a great character disciplinarian. A writer begins with one idea and he molds and chips this till he finally has it in the desired shape. He has to cast out much of his material and keep only the best. This knowledge of what to retain and what to discard develops the power of decision. The cutting and molding brings about a condensation of material by which a new thought may be expressed in a very few words. For instance, glance through a modern story and notice some of the similies you find. Anne Sedgewick compares the softness of a kitten's paw as being like raspberries held in the hand. What better description in fewer words could be given? Or who can give a more complete sketch of a person than did Bess Street Aldrich in her "A White Bird Flying" when she said, "One of those highly efficient women who would have arranged the stars in symmetrical rows and dispensed with the Milky Way as being too messy". This centralization of one idea in a few words is expressed in poetry as well as in prose. Consider Carl Sandburg's poem "Fog":

"The fog comes on little cat feet,
It sits looking over harbor and
city on silent haunches and then
moves on".

Can't you see a bank of fog slowly, stealthily creeping over the sea toward the town? Finally it surrounds you, smothers you, ever silent and then goes as quickly as it has come. Like the cat creeping toward us which suddenly, for no reason at all, sits down on its haunches and then continues on its way, softly placing down each foot with a stealth that is almost weird.

"The fog comes on little cat feet,
It sits looking over harbor and
city on silent haunches and then
moves on".

Creative writing has taught not only Carl Sandburg but Edna St. Vincent Millay, Emily Dickinson, and Christy MacKaye to express worlds of meaning in a few short sentences in a poem. Creative writing teaches us to use our imagination and find beauty in ordinary things and describes them with words not used with their ordinary meanings. This is what Christy MacKaye has done in her poem "Sundown":

"I walked up a bare hill
Trailing shadows behind me,
Dripping with wind.

I walked up a bare hill
Into the red sun
Smouldering still-ly with hot light

I walked up a sandy hill:
The wind was under my heels:
The sun ran into my muscles
Till I felt them move strongly and
softly
Sheathing me like a furled bud,
Overlying
One upon another like iris petals.

I stood on a bare hill
And watched the sun sink
Till the warmth of my gladness
Lit all the night.

It spread into the distance.
The night breathed it gently
And spread back around me
Deeper than ocean."

See the exultation the author re-

ceived by walking up a bare hill to see the sunset! Her sensitiveness to beauty received through creative writing has made her find beauty in a very simple thing and to describe it in simple words with a new meaning to them. Her character has been molded by creative thought. So would the character of every pupil be molded by a course of creative writing taught to him in the school.

Every pupil should be offered the opportunity of developing his power of expression, his power to express ideas with accuracy and fullness. We do not want to deprive the world of a second Emily Dickinson, because we have neglected to insert in our educational system a course wherein a pupil would receive encouragement if he possessed a talent for writing. We want every pupil to be encouraged in his powers of research, so that he may have a wider scope of learning. We desire each pupil to possess an imagination great enough to find beauty in his daily work, thus making his life happier and fuller. Certainly we want his character to be molded in the direction that creative writing would point out, and that is by increasing the power to produce better comradeship between youth, by strengthening the power of decision, by becoming more concrete and direct in address, and by finding new beauty and satisfaction in using the words of our English language. If we want our youth to be benefited in these ways, what happier solution is there than the sincere promoting of "Creative Writing."

Marjorie Bradlee '34

Song

Our high school days are over and now we sing adieu
To many kindly friendships, we greet the world anew,
The past has been so happy with always something new,
We look into the future most wonderful to view.

May truth be inspiration to guide us into right.
Let courage be our watchword, let honor be our might.
Ne'er let our progress falter. We strive to win the fight
And ever on and upward we seek a brighter light.

Bright memories behind us, bright future in the fore
We leave these dear old halls, as many have before
And as we tread life's hills, or be on distant shore
We will often think of high school, and its cheery lore.

And so to Alma Mater we bid a fond farewell
To teachers and master, to those we love so well.
And ever on life's pathway, wherever we may dwell
We'll sing a song of gladness, a word of joy to tell.

Words -- Miriam Barker

Music -- FrancenaM. Hunt

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